

LAMBETH  
FAIRE

Wherein you have all the  
Bishops Trinkets set to sell.

Death close mine eyes with thy eternall doome,  
Before this Faire be thus proclaim'd at Rome.



*O mihi prateritos referet si Jupiter annos.  
Qualis eram*

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## To the Reader.

**T**He rare poetick wits of these our times,  
Are daily chanting curious Hymnes and Rymes.  
Whose lines perfum'd, smell sweet as any Rose,  
For English Bishops, or the Romish Pope.  
But mine smell not so strong for I am sorry,  
Our Bishops should change Caps with Doctor story.  
Then Reader now, if thou wouldst understand,  
Why this same matter thus I take in hand:

Because I love my braine to excercise,  
Though Loyal, hap, may thinke 'ts otherwise,  
Because I love to keep my minde from folly,  
Or humour which is called Melancholy.  
But some will say, perhaps, if this be true,  
You might have kept it from the vulgar view:  
I answer no, for who could then repaire,  
To buy new fashion robes at Lambeth Faire.  
The Parliament hath p'uld them downe and I  
Have set there trinkets out for men to buy,  
Lawn sleeves, Hoods Surplisses, with rest o'th rabble,  
Thus ends the prologue, here begins the Fable.



# LAMBETH FAIRE.

*Wherein is sold,  
Ceremonies all  
Both new and old.*

**N**o sooner was the sable darknesse past,  
And *Sol* his eye on our Horizon cast  
By whose bright beames those clouds disper-  
sed were,  
Which did benight the Land with horrid  
fear;

But presently the people heard strange Fables.  
The Bishops went to *Lambeth* with their Bables;  
Where a *new Faire* was lately consecrate  
For Popish Garments, that were out of date:  
And when their shops and stales, and booths were made,  
With all things fitting for that *holy Trade*:  
O'th tops o'th standings all, for fear of evill,  
Were Crosses set, to scare away the Divell:  
With might and maine, the people 'gan to flocke,  
And all were present there by nine a clock,  
The *Cleark* o'th' *Faire* was presently bespoken,  
To give them liberty their stalls to open.  
To keep out theeves the *keepers* place he deemes;  
But *Keeper* he was run away it seemes:



*Lambeth Fayre*

Well let him goe, the Bishops cryed what then?  
We have a nimble and quicksighted *Wren*,  
Who when he comes, can soar and fly about,  
To spy, and keep the knavish Rable out.

The Master of the *Faire* was cal'd upon,  
But answer's made, he to the tower is gon;  
That he was absent, it was taken ill,  
But sure he went to th<sup>r</sup> Tower against his will:  
*Proclaim the Faire*, the Bishops all, they cryed,  
For we dare hardly longer here abide;  
The *Clarke* gave leave, the *Cryer* on a hill  
Standing, began to cry with voice so shrill.

O-yes, O-yes, I do cry,  
The Bishops trinkets who will buy.

This being done of Bishops all the Crew,  
Began with speed, their wearing robes to shew,  
And with extended voyce, they all did cry,  
Come Customers, see what you lake, and buy;  
Heer's Vestments consecrate, all sorts and sizes,  
You may have here, if you'l come to the prizes:  
Buy Fayrings for your children here are toyes,  
Fit for your purpose, be they Gerls, or Boyes;  
Caps for your Boyes to hurle into the aire,  
And Beads for Gerles are here in *Lambeth Fayre*:  
What though these Robes were first devil'd in Hell,  
Tush thats no matter, we'll good pen worths sell:  
Here look upon them, they are very good and strong,  
They'r neat and handsome, and will last you long,  
They'r very full and large. you nere saw stronger,  
I would not sell them durst I keep them longer.

Buy



*Lambeth Faire.*

Buy a *Crucifix*, another loud doth call,  
'T will scare the Devill and will preserve your soul:  
Lay out your money, hang up worldly pelfe,  
I will sell't cheaper, then I had it my selfe:  
It's strange to see how men their money keepe,  
What come you all to *Lambeth faire* to sleepe;  
Come buy *lawn sleeves* I have no money tooke,  
Here, try them on, you'll like a Bishop looke  
And may get honour, both of great and small,  
And Lord it ore your fellow brethren all:  
If that the times should chance once more to turne,  
Then might you Lord it, like as we have done,  
Come hither friend and buy this silken Gowne,  
I'm sure you cannot match't in *Lambeth towne*:  
In this same Gown, did *Canterburis Grace*,  
At *High-Commission* shew his gracelesse face;  
Many a storme and shower it will abide,  
Yea, and a world of knaverie it will hide;  
Sir look upon't and view it at your deasure,  
Goe to the price, for you I faine would pleasure,  
Come buy his *Graces gowne*, the price is small,  
And if you will: I'll sell you grace and all.  
Though he have worn't it's ne'r the worse for wearing,  
Girt it but close, and never fear the tearing.

Come buy my *Crosier staffe*, another he begins,  
'T's excellent to keep dogs from your shins:  
Pray Sir let me some of your money take,  
And keep this staffe for its old masters sake.

Another comes, as if his backe would breake,  
Burthen'd with *vestures*, and gan thus to speak,  
*Trinkets* I have good store, within my packe,  
I pray you view them, and see what you lack;

See

*Lambeth Faire.*

See for your love, and for your money buy,  
Name what you want; He fits you presently,  
My packe it is a *Wardrobe*, large and faire,  
Wherein are *Miters*, *Caps* round, and square,  
The rar'st *Episcopals*, that ever you did see,  
Are in my packe, come, pray you buy of me;  
Her's rich, embroidred ware, chuse where you please,  
I have a thousand such like knacks as these:  
Buy this brave *Rochet*, buy this curious *Cope*,  
The *Tippit*, *Scarfe*, they all came from the *Pope*;  
He sell them at a rate you cannot loose,  
Orelse exchange them for a pair of shoes;  
I must to *Rome*, I cannot longer stay,  
I pray you buy them, I must hence away.  
Then after that unto this jolly *Faire*,  
A little *Wren* came flying through the aire.  
And on his backe betwixt his wings he bore,  
A minister stuf with *Crosse*s, *Altars* store,  
With sacred *Founts*, and rare guilt *Cherubims*,  
And bellowing *Organs*, chanting curious *Hymnes*,  
The hallowed *Host*, dum *Priests*, and singing boyes,  
With Antick *Cringers*, and a thousand toys:  
Thus then this mighty *Wren*, unto the *Faire*,  
Brought his *Cathedrall* pack, thus stuf with ware;  
The door's wide-op't, there thousands came to see,  
The *Romish* Reliques of the *Hierarchie*;  
Where all were set to sale, and at low rate,  
Because they gan to wax quite out of date,  
Buy my high *Altars*, he lifts up his voice,  
All sorts of *Messe-bookes*, here you may have choice,  
Heres Bells baptiz'd will make a dainty sound,  
Pray if you please step in and ring them round;

*Lambeth Faire.*

Then after that were seene a *Regiment*,  
Of *Hell-horne Locusts*, from *Cochus* sent,  
To draw a mighty cart wherein were brought,  
*Pluralitie of Churches* to be bought.

Then cry'd an other, Sir, what will you buy?  
I pray step in Sir, do not so passe by.  
Heer's a *Cathedra*, once *Saint Peters Chaire*,  
The rarest thing to buy in *Lambeth Faire*.

The candid *Surpless*, and the wedding ringes:  
Pictures for Bibles, and such pretty things:

Here's the late *Canons* and the new found *outls*:

To sell Et cætera I am very loath:

You formerly have heard by true relation:

These are the toys we made y<sup>e</sup> *Convocation*.

Oath *ex officio*, here if you will buy:

Or *High commission*, take it presently.

Heer's *Ember weeks* with thin-chap *Lack-a-Lent*,

To help you at a pinch when all is spent:

Heer's *Holly dayes* to sport the time away:

Or booke of pastimes for the *Sabbath day*.

Heer's *Deanes*, and *Prebends*, and the filthy *Nest*:

Of *Pursevants*, *promotters* and the rest,

*Chancelours*, *Officials*, *Surrogates*, and all

The lofty *Courtiers* of *Commission Hall*:

Come *Clergie Chapmen*, to your *Hierarchie*,

Heer's ex'lent ware, as good as ere you see;

*Iure Divino* that's become our *Dooine*,

We'l sel't for *Wharfage* to the coast of *Roome*.

Burials and Churchings we have wondrous store,

Upon my word, they all come from the whore;

Then next to him, a fiery fat gurs fell,

Brought six and twentie *Bishopricks* to sell;

with



*Lambeth Faire.*

With gags and whips, and prisons for all those,  
That should their cursed Hierarchie oppose,  
With catch him *Pursevant*, take him to the laile,  
There let him ly without *Main-prise* or *Baile*,  
'Ere he get from us, we will make him see  
Experimentally, we Bishops be:  
Our *Courts* and *Jurisdications* are at sale:

Come buy them quickly, 'ere they be too stale.

An other Bishop, with a Box did ride,  
And with extended voice he loudly cry'd,  
To Schollars all that *Ministers* would be,  
Come hither, buy the *Holy Ghost* of me.  
But *Simon Magus* he was in the ground,  
And none to buy the *Holy Ghost* was found.

An other Bishop he a pack brought in,  
The which was stuf'd with *Licences* to th'brim,  
And presently he cryeth out for fury,  
Her's *Licences* to preach, to Church, and bury.  
If wedding's out and your dispos'd to wed,  
Come buy a *Licence*, and away to bed.

What all passe by? 'ts strange time turns her wheel,  
And bends her brow upon us, that we feel  
No *hand saile* yet, our wares be charmed sure,  
And (like our selves) ther's none will it endure,  
Its doomd to dismall fate, despis'd and scorn'd,  
Though never so costly, or so much adorn'd:  
Her's *somme venale*, yet no money flies,  
Our ware's dog-cherpe, and thus credit dyes:  
For such a *Faire* I never did behold;  
We bring our ware, but nothing can be sold;  
I wonder said one, what was our intent,  
To make our *Fair* thus at the *Parliament*.

*Lambeth Faire.*

For we are mocked here by sawcy Jacks,  
They bid the *Pedders*, to put up their packes.  
Another *Bishop* lifting up his voice,  
Cry'd out amain, of livings I have choice.  
I'll sell you two or three, if that you please,  
So you'll have money coming in with ease,  
If that to preach, your self you can't indure,  
Get some poore *Journey-man* to serve your *Cure*;  
You'll quickly light on such a one I trow,  
We have made more, then how to live doe know.  
*Wax Candles*, *Tapors*, another cryes and calls,  
These brought I with me from *Cathedrall Paules*,  
They'll scare the Devill, and put him unto flight,  
When he perceiv's a consecrated light;  
When we at *Mattens* and at *Even-song* were,  
We had them by us then, devoid of feare;  
They'll bring delight unto your eyes and nose,  
They burn so clear and smell so like a *Rose*,  
And when you thinke that it hath burnt enough,  
Then blow it out, you shall not smell the snuffe;  
Or else you may on whom you will bestow it,  
They'll joy to thinke a *Bishop* once did owe it.

Come hither Friend another loud doth call,  
I'll sell you here my *Common-Prayer-Bookes* all,  
Sir view this same, and take it in your hand,  
This book but lately no man durst withstand,  
For if he did, and wether of did hear,  
We sure did make him a *Commissioner*,  
And if he chanc'd appearance for to misse,  
To *Limbo Patrum*, he was sent for this;  
And if he did not us some money give;  
In that *Assise* we doom'd him still to live.

*Lambeth Faire.*

Money my hearns another loud doth call,  
I see ~~see~~ I am not now in *Lambeth hall*,  
No sooner I from Dinner then was risen,  
Men brought me chinke to free them out of prison,  
I'm broke, I'm broke, another then did say,  
Come buy my *hoods* I can no longer stay,  
What mean ye Sirs? the day is almost spent,  
Come buy my Trinckets all incontinent;  
Come hither Friend the price is very small,  
He sell my coat, it is Canonically,  
Come buy this *Miter* Sir, if ye be able,  
The vertue of it is inestimable,  
Buy't Sir, and wear it and then soone I hope,  
You will rise higher and become a *Pope*,  
Itell you treuly had not fortune left me,  
I would have kept it untill Death bereft me.  
It now beginning to grow towards night,  
Comes a grave *Doctour* running in with might,  
His courage stout was something now abated,  
He brings his *golden Slippers* consecrated,  
And cry's come buy these *Slippers* here of mine,  
They are embossed with *Holinesse Divine*,  
They will in all your wayes preserve you sound,  
And with them you may tread on holy ground,  
If you'l but wear them, thus I'll tell you more,  
You'l leave the earth and to the Heavens may soare  
They'r fild with holinesse within and round about,  
Here look upon them see how't breaketh out.  
If not my slippers then my great *Bumbo*,  
I'll sel't you now; what answer: *No no no*,  
We thought our ware would sell at such a price,  
And of our hands been vented in a trice:

Tha



*Lambeth Faire.*

That this last Act upon the *English Stage*,  
Would forde money, for your Pilgrimage  
To *Babylon* the great; how ere we dreamd no lesse,  
Then Ransom for his prisoned *Holinesse*;  
But he nor we, must by this *Lambeth Faire*,  
Get help I see by this our *Popish ware*.

Whilst thus the Bishops there, their guts and they,  
Cal'd to their *Customers* to come away,  
A *Messenger* came running through the croud,  
And to the Bishops thus he spake aloud,  
Away to *Rome* or *Tiburn* chuse you whether,  
I know your shoes are made of *running leather*:  
For all the Lawes o'th Land you have out run,  
And I come here to tell you what is done,  
The *Parliament* hath pul'd your pride toth' ground,  
And by the House three times your voted downe,  
Your wars not worth a --, for all your cogging,  
See where the Hangman comes away be jogging,  
Alas cride they, is all our labour losse:  
Others get money, we have but the crosse  
For we are crossed in our expedition,  
And fly we must, for all *Oxfords* Petition,  
Yet notwithstanding herein lies our hope,  
We shall be entertained by the *Pope*.  
With that like men of Sences quite bereft,  
They ran away and all their trinkets left,  
A friend of mine to me did then repaire,  
Desiring me to pen this famous Fair.  
Which I have done and have it here to sell,  
Come buy the Fair of me and so farewell.

F I N I S.

Lambert Fair.

Come buy the Fair of me and so farewell.  
Which I have done and have it here to sell.  
Desiring me to pen this famous Fair.  
A friend of mine to me did then repair.  
They ran away and all their tinkers left.  
With that like men of senses quite bereft.  
We shall be entertained by the Pope.  
Yet notwithstanding herein lies our hope.  
And by we must, for all o'wer's Fiction.  
For we are crossed in our expedition.  
Others get money, we have but the cross.  
Alas cride they, is all our labour loss.  
See where the Hangman comes away bejogging.  
Your wares not worth a-- for all your cogging.  
And by the House three times your viced downe.  
The Parliament hath put your bridle to the ground.  
And I come here to tell you what is done.  
For all the Lawes of the Land you have out run.  
Know your shoes are made of running leather.  
Away to Rome or Thars chide you whether.  
And to the Bishopps thus he spoke aloud.  
A curse was coming running through the crowd.  
And forthwith came to come away.  
Will this the Bishopps their their ground.  
Get help I see by this our Papist were.  
But he not we, must by this Lambert Fair.  
Then Hailom for his piousd Helms.  
To Babylon the great; how crows dreamd no less.  
Would forded money, for your Pilgrimage.  
That his last Act upon the English Stage.

F I N I S

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